Romance of the Siege of Yorktown.

"The Scarlet Coat," a Rattling War Story by Clinton Ross.

IT can hardly be a year since the appearance of "The Countess Bettina," and it must be a still shorter period since the identity of the author became generally known. For when the story was first published there was no clew to the authorship beyond the statement on the title page that the work had been "edited by R." Gradually, however, the fact leaked out that the writer was Mr. Clinton Ross, a member of a well-known family of New York State, a young man of about thirty, of such antecedents that he might be said to have belonged to New York's gilded youth up to a few months ago, when suddenly altered circumstances turned his attention to worthier matters.

Such, then, was the entrance of a new figure in the field of fiction. The work was fresh and had in it something that lifted it above the commonplace; some perceptible though imperfectly developed quality of style that caught the eye of the critic, and a genuineness of feeling that appealed to the average reader—that Awful Average Reader—who, after all, decides whether a novel shall be a success or a failure.

This new novel, entitled "The Scarlet Coat," which is to be issued immediately by Messrs. Stone & Kimball, is alertly alive and full of the rush of chargers' feet, the clash of arms and the roll of drums. It is almost all action; there is hardly a pause for description and absolutely none for analysis.

It is a story of the siege of Yorktown and the stirring incidents leading thereto, and Lord Cornwallis, General O'Hara, Vicomte de Noailles, Comte de Rochambeau, General Lincoln, "who stood for General Washington," and earlier in the story much about Lafayette.

But the heart of it all is a love story, pure, wholesome and sweet, giving these far-off things a warm, living interest. The wearer of the scarlet coat is the rebel hero, Captain Kenneth, who assumes it as a disguise. The heroine is a royalist, whose brother wears the coat in earnest. Kenneth falls in love with her almost at first sight, as he seeks refuge in her home on a stormy night as he is carrying a message from the Marquis de la Fayette to Governor Thomas Jefferson.

"She was not more than twenty; a full face; with an exquisite mouth, now firm enough, and yet that might pout, or laugh; the most irresistible mouth. Kenneth decided there at the door. The eyes were darkish blue or black. The brow, low and broad, was framed by the reddish blond hair disarranged as if by the hat having been taken off hastily. In one hand she held a riding whip; and the rounded figure was shown by the folds of a dark green habit, mud spattered, as if she had not been long from her horse.

"She, on her part, saw a tall man; dark eyes and thin, close lips, being the features of this swarthy Kenneth of Prince William. Every Kenneth for generations had had the broad shoulders, muscular body, dark eyes, and firm mouth, with that singular look quite inconsistent with all this masculine force; something almost womanish, despite the firmness."

The house turns out to be a sort of headquarters for British officers, so that Captain Kenneth is soon discovered, despite his disguise, and placed under arrest by Colonel Tarleton, who chances to see him and to recognize in him a formidable foe.

"Kenneth had been watching Banastre Tarleton carefully, in a quandary about the man. With his small stature, his boyish face, he appeared very young, and indeed at this time he was but twenty-six, nine years Kenneth's junior. Knowing his readiness, his cleverness, his bravery, our Captain of Armand's admired him.

The Captain is treated like a guest until dinner is over; then he is locked in his room for the night. Kenneth bids goodnight to his host, Captain Jervon, who civilly responds, as he pauses, candle in hand, and regrets the circumstances, adding:

"'You doubtless did not expect to meet king's officers so far up-country.'

"'Frankly, I didn't. I hope you'll not forget my man.'

"'Nor that you want supper.'

"Kenneth heard his voice to the man in the hall, and then steps creaking on the stair. He had closed the door. Kenneth could hear the guards' voices, and the key turning. He looked about the room, a small place, with a great fireplace, filling nearly one side. There was a dormer window. Looking out, he saw only blackness and the wet thrust in sheets against a rattling sash. The flickering candle displayed the polished floor, two chairs, a table, chiffonier, a high, square bedstead, a ticking clock in a corner.

"The key turned. A curtseying black woman with a tray stood in the door, the tall sergeant of Tarleton's behind. Kenneth acknowledged the attention, for he was hungry. A dusty bottle of red wine was creditable to the Fairmount cellar. The servant watched. The sergeant grinned, but did not attempt conversation.

"And the two passed out; the door was locked! The prisoner could hear the guard stumbling outside.

"He must have slept long, for, despite his last intention to awake at dawn and to use all his wits for means of escape, it was broad daylight of the morning of June 13, 1781, when he awoke. At first he failed to remember the chain of circumstances bringing his present plight, and then he recalled all, from the lost road to the unexpected appearance of Banastre Tarleton. Looking from the dormer window, he saw, as Tarleton had said the night before, that he dared not risk the drop to the ground, while almost certainly he could be picked out with a musket by any one passing below.

"The window was out of the question, Kenneth saw now clearly, as he turned back into the room. Tiptoeing to it, he tried the door to find it locked, as he had expected, while he heard some one moving outside, as if his guard were stretching lazily, and then it was still, except for the chirping of swallows in the chimney. He examined the chimney with interest.

"This was a square structure around which the house had been built, perhaps seventy-five years before. With a sudden idea he remembered how in his own house in Prince William was a similar chimney and how as a boy he had climbed it. This was even larger than that other. But the swallows made the same quarrelsome twitter as in those old days, and he laughed at his memories. Then he was on his knees on the hearth, looking toward the sky. A bird flew across the blue. He could see where the passage from below met that from the fireplace where he knelt. He was a large man, but he would try. The stones irregularly laid gave projections, and he was sure he was agile enough to climb up there and hide, if he could do no more. Strangely, they had left him his sword and pistols, he remembered again.

"The sun already higher, the house would be awakening, and he must hurry. Of course he would make an abominable noise, but he must. Slipping on his clothes hurriedly, taking the spurs from his boots, and buckling the sword as closely as he could, Kenneth waited for any noise in the house. But it was still, and he began.

"He did make some noise, he found, while the swallows sharply reproved him. The stones gave him the foothold he expected, and laboriously he raised himself. He had not miscalculated the size of the aperture, and he mounted, foot by foot, clinging by his finger tips and his toes to every jutting stone. Ten minutes passed before he found himself, hot and breathing hard, astride of the projection separating him from the opening below. Peering down this he saw another line of separation into the passage to the fireplace on the first floor, and, further down, the straight passage ended in the blackening logs and the square of light showing the fireplace, probably, in the great room on the ground floor where he had been taken prisoner. He rested for some moments, while the swallows whose nests he had disturbed still fluttered and chirped madly, but save for their noise his movements apparently had been unobserved.

"The disturbance of the swallows grew less; the house still seemed quiet, and he was only hesitating about venturing into the room. At least the boyish experiences in the house in Prince William had stood him in good stead; but he was blackened and smothered, and the heat of the June morning was stifling in that cramped place. He must take the risk; and then it was made impossible by slamming doors, footsteps and voices. The door opened into the room, and he heard Banastre Tarleton"—

But one needs to follow the dashing, spirited story from start to finish to realize what good reading it is, for this incident is but the starting point of the whirl of action and adventure that is sustained without flagging.

N. H. B.

MR. HOWELLS DISCOVERS A NEGRO POET.

The Surprising Poetic Gifts of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, a Son of Former Slaves, Now the Talk of the Literary World of New York.

MR. HOWELLS'S OPINION OF HIS POEMS.

[From an introduction to the poet's forthcoming book of poems, by courtesy of Dodd, Mead & Co., the publishers.]

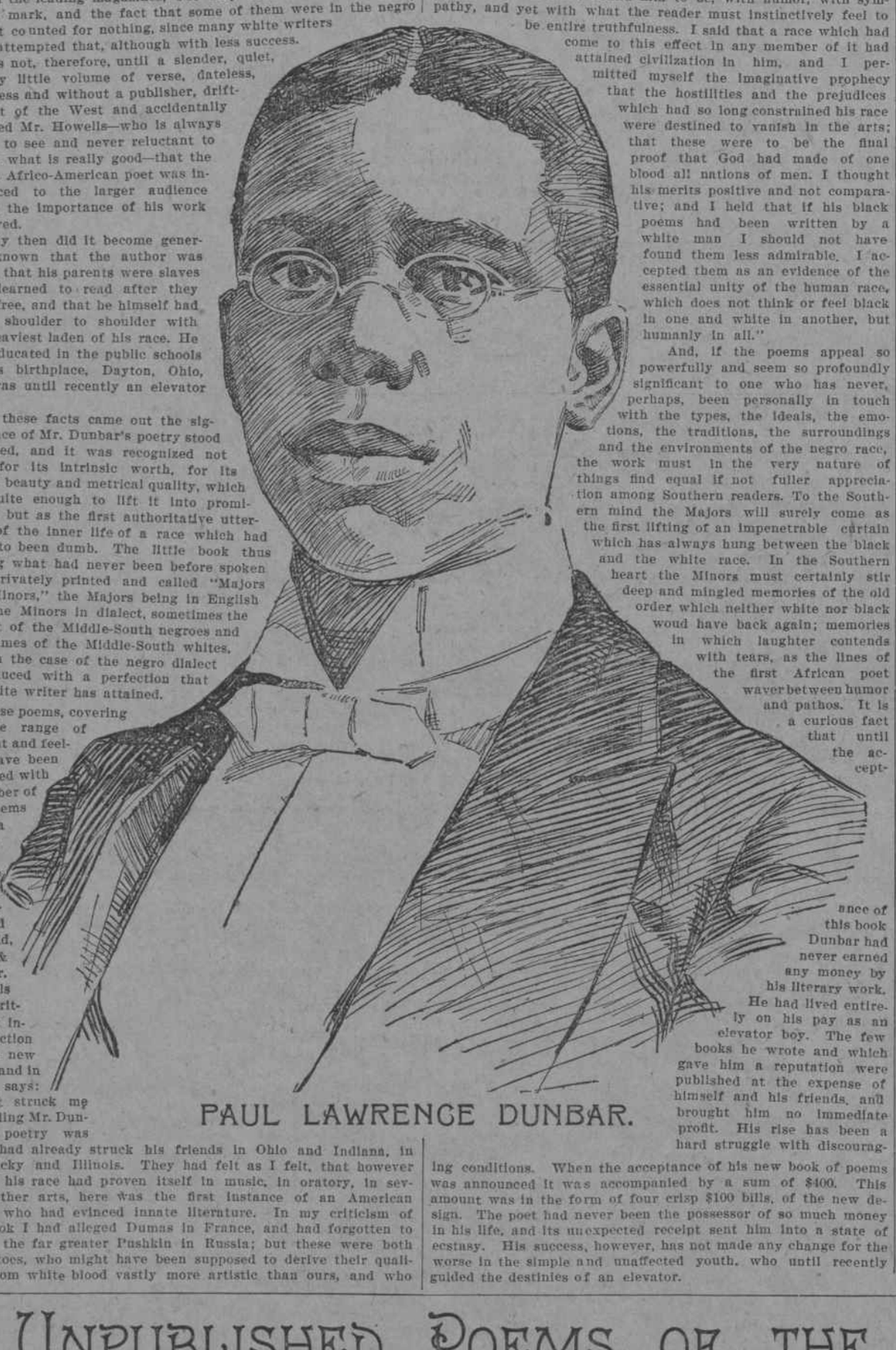
"What struck me in reading Mr. Dunbar's poetry was what had already struck his friends in Ohio and Indiana, in Kentucky and Illinois. They had felt as I felt, that however gifted his race had proven itself in music, in oratory, in several other arts, here was the first instance of an American negro who had evinced innate literature. In my criticism of his book I had alleged Dumas in France, and had forgotten to allege the far greater Pushkin in Russia; but these were both mulattoes, who might have been supposed to derive their qualities from white blood vastly more artistic than ours, and who were the creatures of an environment more favorable to their literary development. So far as I could remember, Paul Dunbar was the only man of pure African blood and American civilization to feel the negro life aesthetically and express it lyrically. It seemed to me that this had come to its most modern consciousness in him, and that his brilliant and unique achievement was to have studied the American negro objectively, and to have represented him as he found him to be, with humor, with sympathy, and yet with what the reader must instinctively feel to be entire truthfulness."

AT LAST an intellectual bridge has been cast across the chasm dividing the black from the white race! At last, for the first time in the history of this country—or, so far as we are aware, in the history of any other country—a man of pure African blood has arisen to speak for his people in the person of Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

For several years oems bearing this name have been appearing in the leading magazines, but they bore on the surface no racial mark, and the fact that some of them were in the negro dialect counted for nothing, since many white writers have attempted that, although with less success. It was not, therefore, until a slender, quiet, shabby little volume of verse, dateless, placeless and without a publisher, drifted out of the West and accidentally reached Mr. Howells—who is always quick to see and never reluctant to praise what is really good—that the young Afrieo-American poet was introduced to the larger audience which the importance of his work deserved.

Only then did it become generally known that the author was black, that his parents were slaves who learned to read after they were free, and that he himself had stood shoulder to shoulder with the heaviest laden of his race. He was educated in the public schools of his birthplace, Dayton, Ohio, and was until recently an elevator boy.

As these facts came out the significance of Mr. Dunbar's poetry stood revealed, and it was recognized not only for its intrinsic worth, for its lyrical beauty and metrical quality, which are quite enough to lift it into prominence, but as the first authoritative utterance of the inner life of a race which had hitherto been dumb. The little book thus voicing what had never been before spoken was privately printed and called "Majors and Minors," the Majors being in English and the Minors in dialect, sometimes the dialect of the Middle-South negroes and sometimes of the Middle-South whites, and in the case of the negro dialect reproduced with a perfection that no white writer has attained.



PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

These poems, covering a wide range of thought and feeling, have been gathered with a number of new poems into a much larger volume, soon to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co. Mr. Howells has written an introduction to the new work, and in it he says: "What struck me in reading Mr. Dunbar's poetry was what had already struck his friends in Ohio and Indiana, in Kentucky and Illinois. They had felt as I felt, that however gifted his race had proven itself in music, in oratory, in several other arts, here was the first instance of an American negro who had evinced innate literature. In my criticism of his book I had alleged Dumas in France, and had forgotten to allege the far greater Pushkin in Russia; but these were both mulattoes, who might have been supposed to derive their qualities from white blood vastly more artistic than ours, and who were the creatures of an environment more favorable to their literary development. So far as I could remember, Paul Dunbar was the only man of pure African blood and American civilization to feel the negro life aesthetically and express it lyrically. It seemed to me that this had come to its most modern consciousness in him, and that his brilliant and unique achievement was to have studied the American negro objectively, and to have represented him as he found him to be, with humor, with sympathy, and yet with what the reader must instinctively feel to be entire truthfulness. I said that a race which had come to this effect in any member of it had attained civilization in him, and I permitted myself the imaginative prophecy that the hostilities and the prejudices which had so long constrained his race were destined to vanish in the arts; that these were to be the final proof that God had made of one blood all nations of men. I thought his merits positive and not comparative; and I held that if his black poems had been written by a white man I should not have found them less admirable. I accepted them as an evidence of the essential unity of the human race, which does not think or feel black in one and white in another, but humanly in all."

And, if the poems appeal so powerfully and seem so profoundly significant to one who has never, perhaps, been personally in touch with the types, the ideals, the emotions, the traditions, the surroundings and the environments of the negro race, the work must in the very nature of things find equal if not fuller appreciation among Southern readers. To the Southern mind the Majors will surely come as the first lifting of an impenetrable curtain which has always hung between the black and the white race. In the Southern heart the Minors must certainly stir deep and mingled memories of the old order which neither white nor black would have back again; memories in which laughter contends with tears, as the lines of the first African poet waver between humor and pathos. It is a curious fact that until the acceptance of this book Dunbar had never earned any money by his literary work. He had lived entirely on his pay as an elevator boy. The few books he wrote and which gave him a reputation were published at the expense of himself and his friends, and brought him no immediate profit. His rise has been a hard struggle with discouraging conditions. When the acceptance of his new book of poems was announced it was accompanied by a sum of $400. This amount was in the form of four crisp $100 bills, of the new design. The poet had never been the possessor of so much money in his life, and its unexpected receipt sent him into a state of ecstasy. His success, however, has not made any change for the worse in the simple and unaffected youth, who until recently guided the destinies of an elevator.

A Sensational Novel of the "Kreutzer Sonata" School.

Realism That Out-Zolas Zola.

GABRIEL D'Annunzio's works have reached America at last. Another American publisher has had the courage to translate this sensational young Italian novelist, who, for the past few months, has been the talk of the literary circles of Europe.

Two weeks ago the Journal published an account of this remarkable writer, and gave an outline of his book, "Episcopo & Co.," a translation of which was recently issued by Herbert S. Stone & Co., of Chicago. A New York firm of publishers, George H. Richmond & Co., will issue in a few days a translation of D'Annunzio's most celebrated work, "The Triumph of Death" (Trionfo della Morte), which the French critic, M. de Vogue, says has a right to be known as one of the master books of our time.

"The Triumph of Death" is the third book of the series known as the "Romances of the Rose," and it is even more audacious in its theories, keener in its analyses, more pessimistic in its conclusions and more terrifying in its realism than any of the volumes that have preceded it. The appearance of the book in English is likely to create a sensation among American readers.

In this novel D'Annunzio works out the same idea that Tolstoi has already used in "The Kreutzer Sonata" and other works, i. e., that sensuality leads to crime. The young Italian writer, thanks to his keener analytical skill, has succeeded in demonstrating this where the great Russian philosopher failed. D'Annunzio uses no melodramatic devices to bring about the catastrophe. The conclusion is logical and inevitable, and the only one consistent with the temperaments of his two leading characters, George and Hippolyte.

The story has been described as the verification of the law that a love which is purely earthly can find complete satisfaction only in death.

George Aurispa is a young Roman gentleman of leisure. He loves Hippolyte, who is married, and is loved by her. Like all D'Annunzio's heroes, which have been admitted by the novelist to be portraits of himself, he is a keen sensualist. He has a delicate, highly-strung nature. He worships art and music and physical beauty. He has a contempt for prejudices and an avidity for pleasure. He poses as "an ascetic without a god * * * kneeling before an altar abandoned by the deity." The keynote of the character is D'Annunzio's favorite idea of the isolation of the individual.

"You are unknown to me," says George to Hippolyte. "As with every other human being you conceal within yourself a world which is impenetrable to me, to which no depth of passion can give me access. Of your sensations, your sentiments, your thoughts, I know but a small part. Speech is at best an imperfect sign. The soul is incommunicable. You cannot show me your soul. In our most ecstatic moments we are two, always two, separate, strangers, lonely at heart."

He suffers from his love on account of his jealousy. He is jealous even of the memories which come between this woman and himself: "She looked long and searchingly into George's eyes. A second time an inexpressible desire to read each other's heart seized them. She knew well the horrible malady from which her lover suffered; she knew well the obscure cause of all his acrimony. To induce him to talk so he might unburden his heart she added:

"'What ails you?' The tenderness of her tone, for which he was unprepared, threw him into some confusion. He felt that she understood him and pitied him, and a great pity for himself grew in his bosom.

"'What aols you?' repeated Hippolyte, touching his hand as though to sensually augment the power of her tenderness.

"'What ails me?' he echoed. 'I love!'

The aggressiveness had died away. In thus expressing his incurable weakness he commiserated with himself on his own malady. The vague rancor which had ravaged his soul appeared to be dissipated. He recognized the injustice of all resentment against this woman, because he recognized a superior order of fatal necessities. No human creature caused his misery. It arose from the very essence of life. He had to complain, not of the woman he loved, but of love itself. Love, toward which all his being tended with invincible impetuosity was, he thought, the greatest of human sorrows, because it is the supreme effort which man makes to issue from the solitude of his own inmost self; an effort useless, like all the rest. And, until death, possibly, he was condemned to this supreme misfortune. As he remained silent and thoughtful, Hippolyte asked: "Then do you think, George, that I don't love you?"

"I believe that you love me now," he answered, "but can you prove to me that to-morrow or in a month or in a year you will still be happy to be mine? Can you prove to me that to-day, even at this very moment, you are entirely mine? How much of you do I possess?"

"Everything," murmured Hippolyte.

"No," he went on. "Nothing, or almost nothing. I do not possess what I should like to possess. You are a perfect stranger to me. I kiss your brow, and beneath that brow there exists possibly a thought that is not of me. I speak to you, and what I say perhaps awakens in you memories of other days and not of my love. A man passes, looks at you, and in your heart this slight fact gives rise to an emotion which I am unable to detect. A man's desire is discernible in his look, and the look is free, and the woman is without defence against the look of a man who desires her. What can be the impression of the woman who perceives that she is desired? She certainly cannot remain impassive. It must produce in her a feeling of disquietude; certainly some kind of emotion, if only one of repugnance and disgust. And thus the first man who comes along has the power to disturb the woman who loves me! In what, then, consists my possession of her?"

Aurispa attempts to realize a dream that they should go together to some spot where they can be all the world to each other, where she can see and hear and know him, and him alone. But he finds that even this does not cure his malady. He finds that his love is dying, that his disgust with himself and aversion for the woman grows stronger every day, and finally he is seized with an irresistible impulse to kill both her and himself. He is unable to live happily with her. He cannot escape from the sensual spell which she has cast upon him, and so they die together.

One of the most remarkable features of D'Annunzio's methods is the curious mingling of delicate psychological analysis with the most brutal realism. Well may M. de Vogue have called D'Annunzio, "A pagan of the time of Nero!" The audacity of some of the realistic passages in the "Triumph of Death" is astounding. His description of the pilgrimage to the sanctuary at Castel Bordino, in the fourth part of the book, out-Zolas Zola, surpassing some of the most grewsome scenes in "Lourdes." Here is his description of the scene in front of the shrine of the Virgin:

"What a spectacle! Marvellous, terrible, unheard of, and without resemblance to any conglomeration ever seen before, whether of men or things; a mingling so strange, so brutal and so incongruous that it exceeded the most troubled dreams of nightmare. All the deformities, shameful vices, stupors; all the convulsions and horrors to which flesh is heir; the tears of repentance, the laughs of the debauche, imbecility, cupidity, cunning, luxury, stupidity, fear, mortal fatigue, indifference, putrefaction, the silence of despair; sacred choirs, demoniacal shrieks, acrobatic feats, chiming of bells, the bray of trumpets, discordant cries, roars, neighs; the crackling of fires beneath cauldrons, heaps of fruits and dainties, shop windows full of utensils, silks, arms, knick-knacks, rosaries; the voluptuous dances of scantily draped girls, the convulsions of epileptics, the flight of the hunted thief through the surging mob, the scum of the worst elements emptied from out of the filthy byways of distant towns, and thrown into contact with an ignorant and amazed multitude; a host of sycophants, like gad flies about an animal, falling upon the compact crowd incapable of self-defence; every base temptation for the brutal appetite, every impudence exhibited in broad daylight; a veritable pell mell of men and things was there, seething and fermenting about the house of the Virgin."

Another example of D'Annunzio's power is his description of Aurispa.

"Stout, florid, powerful, the man seemed to exhale from his whole body a perpetual warmth of carnal vitality. * * * Every gesture, every attitude, had the impetus of an effort, as if the whole muscular system of his great body was in continual struggle with the encumbering fat. His flesh, that coarse stuff, full of veins, of nerves, of tendons, of glands, of bones, full of instincts and necessities; flesh which deforms and sickens, grows sore and callous, and covered with wrinkles, pustules, warts and hairs; that coarse stuff, flesh, flourished in this man with a species of impudence."

SELECTIONS FROM THE UNPUBLISHED POEMS OF THE YOUNG NEGRO POET.

ODE TO ETHIOPIA.

O Mother Race! to thee I bring
This pledge of faith unwavering,
  This tribute to thy glory.
I know the pangs which thou didst feel,
When Slavery crushed thee with its heel,
  With thy dear blood all gory.

Sad days were those—ah, sad indeed!
But through the land the fruitful seed
  Of better times was growing.
The plant of freedom upward sprung,
And spread its leaves so fresh and young—
  Its blossoms now are blowing.

On every hand in this fair land,
Proud Ethiope's swarthy children stand
  Beside their fairer neighbor;
The forests flee before their stroke,
Their hammers ring, their forges smoke—
  They stir in honest labor.

They tread the fields where honor calls;
Their voices sound through senate halls
  In majesty and power.
To right they cling; the hymns they sing
Up to the skies in beauty ring,
  And bolder grow each hour.

Be proud my Race, in mind and soul;
Thy name is writ on Glory's scroll
  In characters of fire.
High 'mid the clouds of Fame's bright sky
Thy banner's blazoned folds now fly,
  And truth shall lift them higher.

Thou hast the right to noble pride,
Whose spotless robes were purified
  By blood's severe baptism.
Upon thy brow the cross was laid,
And labor's painful sweat-beads made
  A consecrating chrism.

No other race, or white or black,
When bound as thou wert, to the rack,
  So seldom stooped to grieving;
No other race, when free again,
Forgot the past and proved them men
  So noble in forgiving.

Go on and up! Our souls and eyes
Shall follow thy continuous rise;
  Our ears shall list thy story
From bards who from thy root shall spring,
And proudly tune their lyres to sing
  Of Ethiopia's glory.

ERE SLEEP COMES DOWN TO SOOTHE THE WEARY EYES.

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes,
  Which all the day with ceaseless care have sought
The magic gold which from the seeker flies;
  Ere dreams put on the gown and cap of thought,
And make the waking world a world of lies—
  Of lies most palpable, uncouth, forlorn,
That say life full of aches and tears and sighs:
  Oh, how with more than dreams the soul is torn—
Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes.

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes,
  How all the griefs and heartaches we have known
Come up like pois'nous vapors that arise
  From some base witch's cauldron, when the crone
To work some potent spell, her magic plies.
  The past which held its share of bitter pain,
Whose ghost we prayed that Time might exorcise,
  Comes up, is lived and suffered o'er again,
Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes.

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes.
  What phantoms fill the dimly lighted room;
What ghostly shades in awe-creating guise
  Are bodied forth within the teeming gloom.
What echoes faint of sad and soul-sick cries,
  And pangs of vague indefinable pain
That pay the spirit's ceaseless enterprise,
  Come thronging thro' the chambers of the brain,
Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes.

WHEN DE GO'N PONE'S HOT.

Dey is times in life when Nature
  Seems to slip a cog an' go,
Jes' a rattlin' down creation,
  Lak an ocean's overflow;
When de worl' jes' stahts a-spinnin'
  Lak a picaninny's top,
An' you' cup o' joy is brimmin'
  'Twel it seems about to slop
An' you feel jes' lak a racah
  Dat is trainin' fu' to trot—
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
  An' de co'n pone's hot.

When you set down at de table,
  Kin' o' weary lak an' sad,
An' you'se jes' a little tiahed,
  An' purhaps a little mad;
How yo' gloom tu'ns into gladness,
  How yo' joy drives out de doubt
When de oven do' is opened
  An' de smell comes po'in' out;
Why, de 'lectric light o' Heaven
  Seems to settle on de spot,
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
  An' de co'n pone's hot.

When de cabbage pot is steamin'
  An' de bacon good an' fat,
When de chittlin's is a sputter'n'
  So's to show yo' whah dey's at;
Take away yo' sody biscuit,
  Take away yo' cake an' pie,
Fu' de glory time is comin',
  An' its 'proachin' very nigh,
An' yo' want to jump an' holler,
  Do you know you'd bettah not,
When you' mammy ses de blessin'
  An' de co'n pone's hot?

I have heerd o' lots o' sermons,
  An' I've heard o' lots o' prayers;
An' I've listened to some singin'
  Dat has tuck me up de stairs
Of de Glory Lan' an' set me
  Jes' below de Mahster's th'one,
An' have lef' my haht a singin'
  In a happy aftah tone.
But dem wu's so sweetly murmured
  Seem to tech de softes' spot,
When my mammy ses de blessin',
  An' de co'n pone's hot.

ACCOUNTABILITY.

Folks aint got no right to censuah uthah folks about dey habits;
Him dat giv' de squir'ls de bushtails made de bobtails fu' de rabbits.
Him dat built de grea' big mountains hollered out de little valleys,
Him dat made de streets an' driveways wasn't 'shamed to make de alleys.

We is all constructed diff'rent, d'aint no two of us de same;
We can't he'p ouah likes an' dislikes, ef we'se bad we aint to blame.
Ef we'se good, we needn't show off, case you bet it aint ouah doin',
We gets into su'ttain channels dat we jes' caint he'p pu'suin'.

But we all fits into places dat no othah ones cud fill,
An' we does the things we has to, big er little, good er ill.
John cain't tek de place o' Henry, Su an' Sally aint alike;
Bass aint nuthin' like a suckah, chub aint nuthin' like a pike.

When you come to think about it, how it's all planned out it's splendid.
Nuthin's done er evah happens, 'dout hit's somefin' dat's intended;
Don't keer whut you does, you has to, an' hit sholy beats de di dickens,—
Viney, go put on de kittle, I got one o' mastah's chickens.

A CREED AND NOT A CREED.

I am no priest of crooks nor creeds,
For human wants and human needs
Are more to me than prophets' deeds;
And human tears and human cares
Affect me more than human prayers.

Go, cease your wail, lugubrious saint!
You fret high Heaven with your plaint.
Is this the "Christian's joy" you paint?
Is this the Christian's boasted bliss?
Avails your faith no more than this?

Take up your arms, come out with me.
Let Heav'n alone; humanity
Needs more and Heaven less from thee.
With pity for mankind look 'round;
Help them to rise—and Heaven is found.